

Hazy Shade of Winter by AGenericUser

Series: 'My Dad is an Asshole' a Biography by Steve Harrington [1]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Child Abuse, Hurt/Comfort, Injury, Light Angst

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Jonathan Byers & Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Steve gets into a fight with his dad, it's more physical than he's used to but that's fine, he just needs somewhere to stay. Right now, Jonathan Byers' house was looking like a pretty good option.

Hazy Shade of Winter

Author's Note:

It's short I know, I just feel compelled to write about these characters. Sorry if everyone is not completely in character, I tried my hardest to keep them how they were in the show but this was written far too quickly and with little experience with the characters themselves. I didn't check this over very well so if you find any mistakes feel free to let me know.

This takes place after the second season.

All rights belong to Netflix and the Duffer brothers.

(Rated teen for the classic 80s swearing.)

The title of this work comes from The Bangles song of the same name.

Steve takes one deep, measured breath that makes his ribs ache and his head spin a little. He feels vaguely like fainting which only hardens his resolve. Raising his fist up, he knocks it upon the door three times in quick succession. Steve stands with baited breath as he waits for Jonathan to open the door. He can only hope that Jonathan is the only one home, Ms. Byers' car is gone from the driveway leaving only Jonathan's. Steve is startled out of his thoughts by the turning of the door knob.

There Jonathan stands in the doorway, staring at Steve with a mixture of worry and confusion.

“Steve?” Jonathan questions in his quiet voice.

“Hey, any chance you could let me in, or am I just doomed to freeze out here?”

“Oh, yeah of course,” Jonathan mutters quickly, stepping aside and opening the door wider to allow Steve entrance.

Steve steps carefully into the cozy home. Jonathan motions toward the couch in a universal invitation to sit. He takes him up on the offer and flops down on the couch carefully, hissing in pain as he does. Jonathan exits the room, muttering something about a first aid kit

and ‘supplies.’ Now that Jonathan is gone, Steve allows himself a moment to look around the Byers house. The holes in both the ceiling and wall have been patched up with sturdier materials. There are still some strings of Christmas lights draped about here and there and the painted alphabet hasn't entirely washed of, leaving some black smudges upon the wall.

“My mom and Will aren't home, they went to see a movie.” Jonathan says as a greeting when he enters into the room. He watches Byers set an array of different medical supplies on the table in front of him.

“Ha, guess I got lucky,” Steve lets out a dark chuckle.

“Where are you hurt?” Jonathan asks softly, unpacking his supplies.

“Uh, pretty sure I got a concussion. Some bruised ribs maybe? I don't, I don't know.”

Jonathan looks at him softly, “What happened?”

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“What the hell is this Steve,” his dad barks, waving a paper mockingly in front of his face.

Steve blinks in rapid succession, attempting to get his eyes to focus on the paper.

“I'm not sure, I can't really see it the way you're waving it around,” Steve's tone is snarky and blunt.

His father shoves him up against the wall, clutching onto the front of Steve's shirt.

“Don't talk back to me you little shit!”

His father shoves the paper in his face. Now Steve can see the thing clearly; his report card.

“Is that a C+, Steve?”

Steve mutters something unintelligible under his breath.

“What was that?”

“Yes sir, that is a C,” He spits out at him.

Suddenly, Steve's head is slammed roughly into the wall, he slides down it, slumping to the ground. His father gives him a hard kick to the side, causing Steve to cough roughly.

“You're a fucking disgrace.”

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“Would you believe me if I said I fell?”

Jonathan lets out a small chuckle as he begins to work on Steve's injuries. The whole thing is over fairly quickly and soon the two sit on the couch in an awkward silence. Steve can feel himself drifting off into sleep, he tries to keep his drowsiness hidden but it must show through because Jonathan gently says;

“Hey, why don't you just sleep here?”

“I, are you sure?”

Jonathan stands laughing lightly as he drapes a blanket over Steve. He makes himself comfortable on the couch despite his wounds, laying down into the soft, worn material.

“Goodnight buddy,” Jonathan rasps gently turning off the light.

For once in his life Steve felt like he was at home.